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JA RARE



*Joyce D. Curron*

# BRITAIN WE ARE WITH YOU

**Military Marching Song**

(Also arranged for Military Band)

*Sponsored by*

THE WINNIPEG WOMENS'  
AUXILIARY CORPS, CANADA.

Words and Music by - - -

**LORELEY MILLS**

BRITAIN WE ARE WITH YOU

## OUR CREED

When Britain called for volunteers to meet the common foe,  
The answer flash'd across the seas, "We'll leave our all and go."  
How bravely they have stood the test, the world already knows;  
They're fighting on to vict'ry, each day it nearer grows.

### CHORUS:

Britain, we are with you, and we're ev'ry one  
Pledged to do our bit until the vict'ry's won.  
We will never fail you, our promises are true;  
We'll wave the Flag of Freedom high, for Britain,  
we're with you!

A priceless heritage is ours to guard unto the end,  
For ev'ry loyal subject knows the cause we must defend.  
And loved ones ev'rywhere, on sea, on land and in the air,  
Are laying down their lives that we might Freedom share.

There'll be no cause to ever doubt if we all do our part,  
For therein lies the victory, we know deep in our heart.  
Our creed is — we will never yield, our spirit never fail,  
And with God's help we'll triumph, and Liberty prevail.

# BRITAIN WE ARE WITH YOU

Our creed is—We will never yield, our spirit never fail,  
And with God's help we'll triumph, and Liberty prevail.

## A MILITARY MARCHING SONG

Dedicated to my brother, Flight Lieutenant George C. Mills, R.F.C., killed in action, 1917.

Words and Music by Loreley Mills

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The middle staff is for the Piano, with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bottom staff is for the Piano, with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The vocal part begins with a rest, followed by a melodic line. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the piano providing harmonic support. The score is set on a grid of five-line music staves.

1. When Bri-tain called for vol - un - teers to  
2. A price-less her - i - tage is ours to  
3. There'll be no cause to ev - er doubt if

meet the com-mon foe, The an - swer flash'd a - cross the seas, "We'll  
guard un - to the end, For ev - 'ry loy - al sub - ject knows the  
we all do our part, for there - in lies the vic - tor - y, we

leave our all and go." How brave-ly they have stood the test, the  
 cause we must de-fend, And loved ones ev'-ry-where, on sea, on  
 know deep in our heart. Our creed is — We will nev-er yield, our

world al-read-y knows; They're fight-ing on to vic'try, each day it  
 land, and in the air, are lay-ing down their lives that we might  
 spir-it nev-er fail, And with God's help we'll tri-umph, and

CHORUS

near-er grows.  
 free-dom share.  
 lib-er-ty pre-vail.  
 Bri-tain, We Are With You.

And we're ev'-ry one pledged to do our

bit un - til the vic - t'ry's won.

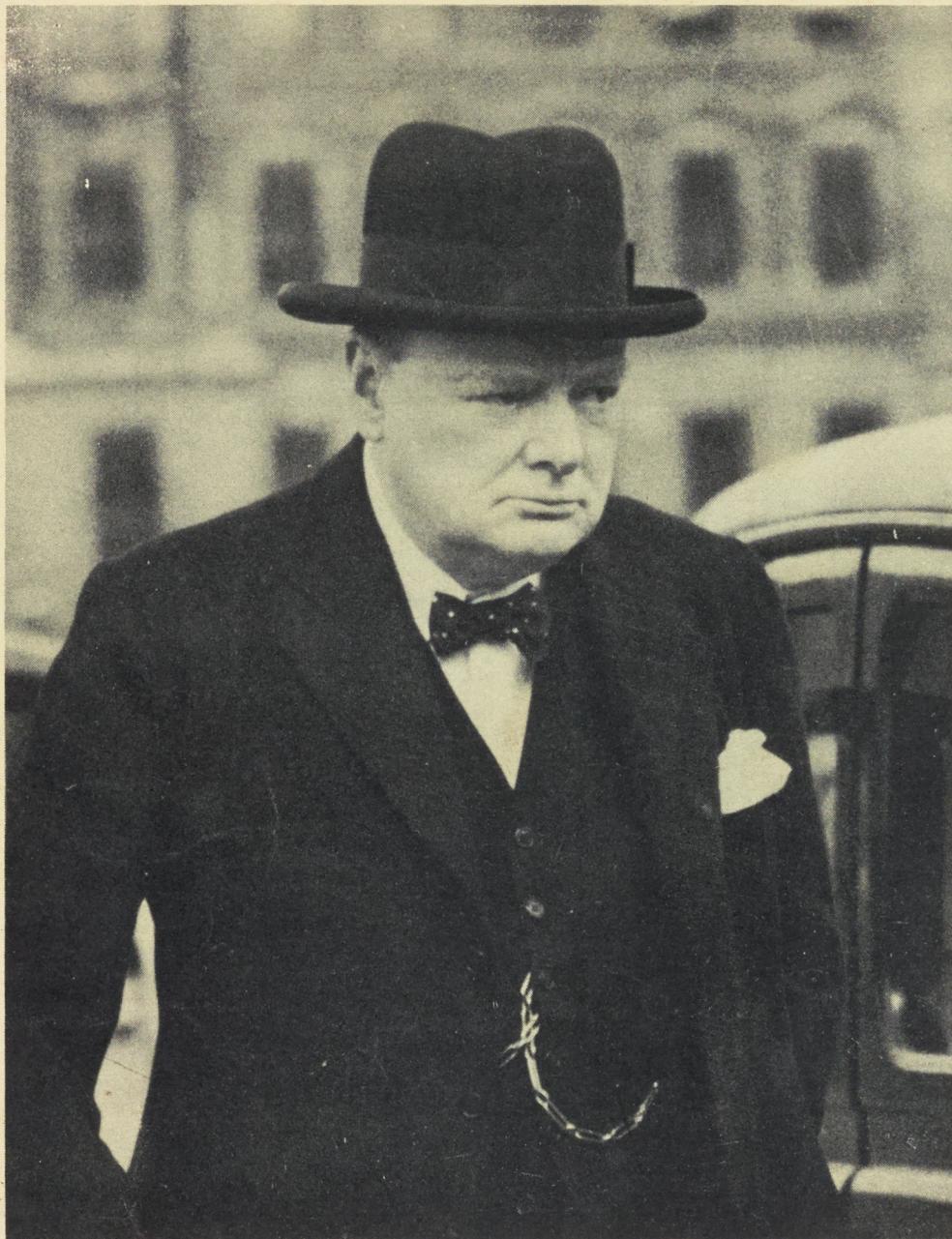
We will nev - er fail you, our prom - is - es are

true; We'll wave the Flag of Free - dom high, for

Britain we're with you. you.

D. S.

D. S.



# A BRITON'S CREED

We shall go on to the end. . . . We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. . . . We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. . . . We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and streets and in the hills. . . . We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island, or even part of it, is subjugated and starving, then our Empire across the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, will carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the new world, in all its strength and might, sets forth to the rescue and liberation of the old. . . . Britain will fight the menace of tyranny for years and, if necessary, alone.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL